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L. G. GOULD, Editor and Proprietor.

"PLEDGED BUT TO TRUTH, TO LIBERTY AND LAW."

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For the Democrat.
NORTHAMPTON, Mass. Sept. 2, '57.
Friend Gould—I now redeem my promise, and send you a few lines from one of the most beautiful towns in the Old Bay State. The scenery of this valley, at this season of the year, is unsurpassed by any I ever found in my varied wanderings. Northampton has long been celebrated for the neatness and elegance of its private dwellings, the enterprise of its business men, and her Bates, Stoddards, and Edwards and Thompsons have adorned the higher walks of professional life in the various departments of Theology, Law and Medicine, while her classical schools have sent candidates for the highest Collegiate honors to Harvard, Yale, Brunswick and Dartmouth. To this place in the warm summer months come toil-worn men of wealth from the duty-heated streets of cities, to breathe the fresh mountain air, and with their wives and children to "ruralize" and dream day-dreams, and for a time forget corroding business cares. Yonder on Round Hill, amid those patriarchal trees, stands the house which the sweet musician, whose voice charmed our Western world, and whose virtues and charities won our love, Jenny Lind stopped awhile to rest after her triumphant career in the United States. The view from Round Hill is one that never tires the beholder. In the west the Housatonic range of mountains stretches along the blue outlines of their summits, shooting up so as to be clearly defined against the sky, while in the south stand Tom and Holyoke, like lonely giant sentinels, while with a musical murmur the Connecticut glides between. Eight miles to the east the spires of Amherst shoot up from a green base formed by shade trees, and the chapel tower of the College is plainly visible, and still farther on rise the hills in billowy succession. In the north rises the Sugar Loaf, a mountain so named from its conical form, on whose summit Pic-nics are often held and strains of music, and joyous shouts, and merry peals of laughter in mixed confusion float away towards the valley below, waking many an answering echo from the rocky caverns of the mountain side. Though it touches Pelion and Ossa, yet it is easy for one ascending to imagine the beautiful plain below the classic valley of Tenpe, and the silvery Connecticut, the Peneus, and the busy husbandmen in the fields below the old Mysians, who trembled as they saw sheeted ghosts of mist steal up the rocky steps of Old Olympus, and heard the thunder of Jupiter from its cloud capped summit. But, I ought not to be particular; all western Massachusetts is abounding in beautiful scenery, rich in historical associations, and from her bright valleys genius has shone in days gone by, and while Nathaniel Hawthorne sits so silent, and yet so busy under the lone pine tree by his door, and builds houses with "seven gables," and makes us shrink as he holds out his "scarlet letters," and Miss Sedgwick makes prose poetical, and Fanny Kemble, with her "Year of Consolation," and the eccentric Beecher with his dog noble, and a brain not half emptied of "Star Papers," while they are here, and while the "hills, rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," where Bryant in boyhood caught the beautiful imagery of "Thanatopsis," remain, western Massachusetts will never be an uninteresting resort of the traveler. But think not that amid these scenes, I forget Ohio. I have only moved from one scene of beauty to another, and while the readers of the Eaton Democrat are reading these lines, here amid the hills, many an eye through the poor medium of my descriptive powers is striving to behold your own town, set like a gem in the deep green of your luxuriant forests and fields of waving corn. I hope I may some day visit you again, and rest awhile with the hosts of the "Old Eagle," at whose house the weary traveler ever finds the luxury of a home, and at whose bountiful board he will also find the luxuries of the palate prepared in a style and abundance which might elevate still higher the reputation of many houses styled the best. Now for this time good bye. You may hear from me again, still farther East.
Truly your Friend,
WANDERER.

Select Miscellany

FINDING A HUSBAND.

BY PEGGY MOREHEAD.

"Uncle, may I ride Milo?" I said one bright June morning, as he sat at the breakfast table.
"Ride Milo!"
"Yes! it is such a beautiful day."
"But I shall not," he said.
"Throw me!" And I laughed merrily and incredulously. "Say yes, dear uncle," I continued coaxingly, "there's no fear and I'm dying for a canter."
"You'll die of a canter then," he retorted, with his grim wit, "for he'll break your neck. The horse has only been ridden three times, twice by himself and once by Joe."
"But you've often said I was a better rider than Joe," Joe was the stable boy. "That's a good uncle, now do," I said. "I threw my arms about his neck and kissed him."
I knew, by experience, that when I did this I generally carried the day. My uncle tried to look stern; but I saw he was relenting. He made a last effort, however, to deny me.
"Why not take Dobbin?" he said.
"Dobbin!" I cried. "Oh, snail-paced Dobbin, on such a morning as this. One might as well ride a rocking-horse at once!"
"Well, well," he said, "if I must, I must. You'll tease the life out of me if I don't let you have your way. I wish you'd get a husband, you mix. You're growing beyond my control."
"Humph! a husband! Well, since you say so, I'll begin to look out for one to-day."
"He'll soon repent of his bargain," said my uncle, but his smiles belied his words. "You're as short as pie-crust, if you can't have your way. There," seeing I was about to speak, "go and get ready, while I tell Joe to saddle Milo. You'll set the house afire if I don't send you off."
Milo was soon at the door, a gay, mettlesome colt, who laid his ears back as I mounted and gave me a vicious look I did not quite like.
"Take care," said my uncle. "It's not too late yet to give it up."
I was piqued.
"I never give up anything," I said.
"Not even the finding of a husband, eh?"
"No. I'll ride down to the poor house and ask old Tony, the octogenarian pauper, to have me, and you'll be forced to hire Poll Wilkes to cook your dinners." And as I said this, my eyes twinkled mischievously, for under an old hood, who detected all strange women, and held an especial aversion to Poll Wilkes, a sour old maid of forty-seven, because, years ago, she had plotted to entrap him into matrimony. Before he could reply, I gave Milo his head.
John Gilpin, we are told, went fast, but I went faster. It was not long before the colt, had it all his own way. At first I tried to check his speed; but he got the bit in his mouth and all I could do was to hold on and trust to tiring him out. Trees, fences and houses went by us like wild pigeons on the wing. As long as the road was clear, we did well enough, but suddenly coming to a blasted oak, that started out, spectre like, from the edge of a wood, Milo reared, twisted half around, and placed his fore-feet stubbornly in the ground. I did not know I was falling, till I felt myself in a mud-hole, which lay on one side of the road.
Here was a fine end to my boasted horsemanship! But as the mud was soft, I was not hurt, and the ludicrous spectacle I presented, soon got the upper hand of my vexation. "A fine chance I have of finding a husband, in this condition," I said to myself, recalling my jest with uncle. "If I could find some mud dried now, and pass myself for a mud nymph, I might have a chance." And I began to pick myself up.
"Shall I help you, Miss?" suddenly said a deep, rich, manly voice.
I looked up and saw a young man, the suppressed merriment of whose blue eyes brought the blood to my cheek, and made me for an instant ashamed and angry. But on glancing again at my dress, I could not help laughing in spite of myself. I stood in mud at least six inches higher than the tops of my shoes. My riding skirt was plastered all over, so that it was almost impossible to tell of what it was made. My hands and arms were mud to the elbows, for I had instinctively extended them, in protecting myself.
The young man, as he spoke, turned to the neighboring fence, and taking off the top rail he placed it across the puddle, then putting his arm around my waist, he lifted me out, though not without leaving my shoes behind. While he was fishing these out, while he began immediately to do, I stole behind the enormous oak, to hide my blushing face, and scrape the mud from my stockings and riding skirt. I had managed to get the first little cleaner, but the last was as thick as ever when my companion made his appearance with the missing shoes, which he had scraped all they were quite presentable, and leading Milo by the bridle.
"Pray, let me see you home," said he, "If you will mount again, I'll lead

the colt; and there will be no danger of him repeating his trick."
I could not answer for shame, but when in the saddle mounted something about not troubling him.
"It's no trouble, not the least," he replied, standing at hand like a knightly cavalier, and still retaining his hold on the bridle, "and I can't really let you go alone, for the colt is as vicious as he can be, to-day. Look at his ears and the red in his eyes. I saw you coming down the road, and expected you to be thrown every minute, till I saw how well you rode. Nor would it have happened, if he hadn't wheeled and stopped like a trick horse in the circus."
I cannot tell how soothing was this graceful way of excusing my mishap. I stole a glance under my eyelids at the speaker, and saw that he was very handsome and gentlemanly, and apparently about six and twenty, or several years older than myself.
I had hoped that uncle would be out in the fields, overlooking the men; but as we entered the gates, I saw him sitting, provokingly, at the open window; and by the time I had sprung to the ground, he came out, his eyes brimmed with mischief. "I did not dare to stop, but turning to my escort, I said, 'My uncle, sir, won't you walk in,' and then rushed up stairs."
In about half an hour, just as I had dressed, there was a knock at my door, my uncle's knock, I could not but open. He was laughing a low silent laugh, his portly body shaking all over with suppressed merriment.
"Ah! ready at last," he said. "I began to despair of you, you were so long, and came to hasten you. He's waiting in the parlor still," he said in a malicious whisper. "You're my consent, for I like him hugely, only who'd have thought of finding a husband in a mud puddle!"
I slipped past my tormentor, preferring to face even my escort than to run the gauntlet of my uncle's wit, and was soon stammering my thanks to Mr. Templeton, for as such my uncle, who followed me down, introduced him.
To make short of what else would be a long story, what was said in just turned out to be in earnest; for in less than six months, in that very room, I stood up to be Mrs. Templeton. How it came about I hardly know, but I certainly did find a husband on that day. Harry, for that is the name by which I call Mr. Templeton, says that I entered the parlor so transformed, my light blue tissue floating about me so like a cloud wreath, my cheeks so rosy, my eyes so bright, my curls playing such hide-and-seek about my face, that not expecting such an apparition, he lost his heart at once. He adds, for he still knows how to compliment as well as ever, that my gay, intelligent talk, so different from the demure Miss he had expected, completed the business.
Harry was the son of an old neighbor, who had been abroad for three years, and before that had been at college, so that I had never seen him; but uncle remembered him at once, and had insisted on his staying till I came down, though Harry, from delicacy would have left after an inquiry about my health. My uncle was one of those who will not be put off, and so Harry remained, "the luckiest thing," he says, "I ever did!"
Milo is my favorite steed, for Harry broke him for me, and we are all as supple as the day is long, under included, for uncle insisted on our living with him, and I told him at last, I would consent, "if only to keep Poll Wilkes from cooking his dinner." To which he answered, looking at Harry, "You see what a spit-fire she is, and you may bless your stars if you don't rue the day she went out to FIND A HUSBAND."

BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION.—An old colored man delivering a sermon, made use of the following beautiful illustration of the high state of the good in the other world:
"Dare; my belubbed brethren, ye git de good roast goose, and dare ye git de nice roast possum; grave all runnin' down your mud; squish him 'tween your toes!"
Where upon an old coon in the congregation, jumped up, shook his head, and sang out:
"Whew! whew! too good! so boss my master; you say dat ag'in, Cato go wid you quick!"
"Grandpa, did you know that the United States have been in the habit of encouraging and acknowledging Tories?"
"Certainly not, what kind of Tories?"
"Terri-tories. Now give me some peanuts, or I'll catch the measles and make you pay for 'em."
"Why don't you hold up your head in the world, as I do?" asked a haughty lawyer of a sterling old farmer.
"Squire," replied the farmer, "see that field of grain; the well-filled heads hang down, while those only that are empty stand upright."
It is just as sensible a move to undertake to get married without courting as to attempt to succeed in business without advertising.
It is thought to be a question worthy of consideration, whether a person whose voice is broken, is not on that account better qualified to sing "pieces."

A BAD CURE.
Once on a time in the village of B., and State of Massachusetts, lived a beautiful maiden of seventeen, whom we will call Fanny, and George B. was her devoted lover.
The course of true love ran smooth, and in due time they were married. This occurred one summer's morning, and the same day they traveled cozily and happily together to the wedding tour.
As a companion du voyage, a young brother of the bride, a mischievous young rascal of fifteen, accompanied them; and well it would have been for the happy pair if they had trusted themselves to their own society, and left James at home, to ornament dog's tails and snowball the schoolmaster.
Well, the party arrived in the city, and went to the St. Nicholas Hotel. While George was duly attending to the comforts of his young wife, James, in the performance of his duties as groomsmen, went to the office of the hotel, to enter the names and select the appropriate apartments. Pen in hand, a brilliant idea struck him, and in pursuance thereof he entered their several names on the register thus:
Miss Fanny L.,
George B., and selected three rooms for their accommodation.
Fanny retired early, being somewhat fatigued with traveling. George smoked his cigar for an hour or two; and dreamed of his bachelorhood we suppose, and finally requested to be shown to his apartment. An obsequious waiter came, candle in hand, and asked what number it was.
"With the lady who came with me," George replied, slightly blushing.
The waiter smiled, and then approached an exquisitely dressed clerk, and whispered in his ear.
The clerk stepped up to George and repeated, "what room did you say sir?"
"With the lady who arrived with me," George answered again, now blushing to the tips of his ears.
The clerk smiled, and shook his head as if in pity of the unfortunate young man's ignorance.
"It won't do, sir; you have mistaken the house, sir. Such things are not allowed here, sir."
"It won't do! Why I only want to go to bed!"
"That you may very certainly do in your own room sir, but not in the lady's apartment, sir."
"The lady's apartment! Why that lady is my wife."
The clerk bowed ironically.
"All very fine, sir, but it won't go down, sir; here is the entry, sir."
George looked at the register, and there was the entry, sure enough; Miss Fanny L., George B.
He saw the whole secret at a glance. He protested and entreated—but it was of no use. He called on James to witness his veracity—but James was nowhere to be found. The by-standers laughed, and the clerk was inexorable; and the poor fellow was forced to retire to his solitary chamber, to pass his bridal night invoking blessings on their heads, of "respectable houses," and younger brothers.
How George justified his conduct to the disconsolate Fanny, this veritable history doth not state.

A NORTHERN EXCHANGE SAYS THERE are hundreds of people who become very religious when they think danger is high, and adds: "We know of a man who, in opposition to his usual habits, and just as he found he must, and no help for it, bawled out at the top of his voice—'Lord have mercy on me—an quick, too!'"
"Do you remember me?" said a spirit seller to his neighbor, whom he was visiting on his death bed. "Yes," said the dying man I do remember you, and I remember your shop, where I formed the habit which has ruined me for this world and the next; and when I die my beggarly widow and fatherless children will remember you."
AN APT SCRIPTURAL QUOTATION.—A few evenings since, a pious old lady, preparing to go to church, was seen to take a considerable quantity of gold from her trunk, wrap it up carefully in her handkerchief, and put it in her pocket. She remarked, that it was her habit, that it kept her mind steady at her devotions, "for, where the treasure was, there will the heart be also."
"Well, Bridget, did you put the blister on your chest as I told you, and did it rise?"
"Och, Mistress, dear, never a chink did I have to put it on, but shure, m'am, I have a hair trunk, and stuck it on that, but sorry a rize did it rize; but, m'am, it tuk ivory bit of the hair off, as sure as I'm a sinner."
A lady who must be a relative of Mrs. Partington, we think, "by marriage," at least, was entertaining some friends with a leg of mutton at dinner, the other day, when one of her guests remarked that the mutton was exceedingly fine quality. "Oh, yes," said she, "my husband always buys the best. He is a great epicure."
A person who had become somewhat dissipated was accused of having a loose character. "I wish it were loose," said he, "I'd soon shake it off!"

My beloved brother I am an unlearned Harbottle Baptist preacher of whom you've not doubt heard before, and I now appear to expose the scriptures, and point out the narrow way which leads from a vain world to the streets of the new Jerusalem, and my text which I shall choose for this occasion is in the 12th of the Bible somewhere between the second chapter and the last Chapter of Timothy Titus, at when you find it, it shall be in these words—"and they shall gnaw a file and flee into the mountains of Hepzidam, where the lion roareth and the whang-doodle mourneth for its first born." Now, my brethering, as I have before told you, I am an uneducated man and know nothing about grammar talk and colloquial highfalutin, but I'm a plain unlearned preacher of the Gospel what's been foreordained and said to expound the scriptures, and save a perverse generation from the day of wrath, for "they shall gnaw a file and flee into the mountains of Hepzidam, where the lion roareth, and the whang-doodle mourneth for its first born."
My beloved brethering, the text says they shall gnaw a file—it don't say they shall gnaw a file and flee into the mountains of Hepzidam, where the lion roareth, and the whang-doodle mourneth for its first born. And now there be some here with fine close on their backs, brass rings on their fingers, and lard on their hair, what goes in while they're young, and there be brothers here what, as long as their constitutions and forty-cent whiskey last, go it blind; and there be sisters here what, when they git about sixteen years old, cut their filler ropes and go it with a rush, but I say, my dear brethering, take care you don't find when Gabriel plays his last trumpet, that you've went it alone and got up to the mountains of Hepzidam, where the lion roareth, and the whang-doodle mourneth for its first born."
And, my brethering, there's more dam besides Hepzidam. There's Rotterdam, Haddam, Amsterdam, Mill-dam and don't care a damn for the last of 'em, my dear brethering, is the worst of all, and reminds me of a circumstance I once knew in the State of Illinois. There was a man what built him a mill on the east fork of Anger creek, and it was a good mill, and ground a sight of grain, but the man what built it was a miserable sinner and never giv' anything to the church, and my brethering one night there came a dreadful storm of wind and rain, and the fountains of the great deep was broken up, and the waters rushed down and swept that man's mill-dam into kingdom come, and lo and behold in the morning when he got up he found it wasn't wuth a dam. Now my dear brethering, when storms of temptation overtake you, take care you don't fall from grace, and become like that man's mill, not worth a d—n, for "they shall gnaw a file and flee into the mountains of Hepzidam, where the lion roareth, and the whang-doodle mourneth for its first born."
Where the lion roareth and the whang-doodle mourneth for its first born. This part of the text, my brethering, is another figger of speech, and isn't to be taken as it says. It doesn't mean the howlin' wilderness where John the hardshell Baptist was fed on locusts and wild figs, but it means my dear brethering, the city of New Orleans, the mother of harlots and hard lots—where corn is wuth six bits a bushel one day, and nary red the next—where niggers is as thick as black bugs in spoiled bacon, ham and thievery, pick-pockets and gamblers go kiting about the streets like weasels in a barn yard, where they have cream colored horses, gilded carriages, and marble saloons—where honest men are scarcer nor hen's teeth, and a strange woman once took in your beloved preacher and bamboozled him out of two hundred and twenty-seven dollars in the twinkling of a sheep's tail, for "they shall gnaw a file and flee into the mountains of Hepzidam, where the lion roareth, and the whang-doodle mourneth for its first born."
My brethering, I'm certain of that flat-boat you see tied up thar, and I've got aboard of her flour and bacon, and potatoes and oats and apples, and as good Monongahela whiskey as you ever drank, and I might apt to get a big price for it all, but what, oh, my brethering, would it all be worth without religion? There's nothing like religion, my brethering. It's better nor silver and gold and jim-cracks, and you can no more get to Heaven without it than a jay bird can fly without a tail. Thank the Lord, I'm an uneducated man, my brethering, but I've sarched the scriptures from Dan to Bersheba, and the word shall be the best of all religions. And its not like the Methodist what expects to get into Heaven by hollerin' fire, nor the united brethering what takes each other by the seats of their trousers, and tries to lift themselves into Heaven, nor the Catholics what buys through tickets from their priests, but it may be likened, my brethering, unto a man what had to cross a river, and when he got thar, the ferry boat was gone, and he just rolled up his

breaches and waded over, hallelujah! for "they shall gnaw a file and flee into the mountains of Hepzidam, where the lion roareth and the whang-doodle mourneth for its first born." Pass the hat brother, Flint, and let every hard shell shell out. Amen.
THE PASSION FOR DISPLAY.
The world is crazy. The call for show—show—and still show. There is not one person in a thousand, male or female, who dares fall back on nothing but his real simple self for a power by whose aid to get through the world, and extract enjoyment as he goes along. There is too much living to the eyes of other people. There is no end to the aping, the mimicry the false airs, and the superficial arts. And until people take a new view of things entirely, and resolve to turn a very short corner in order to live obediently to such a view, the world will go on as it has been going on for ever so long, and all of us will continue to chase bubbles only to see them burst mere water drops in our hands.
It requires rare courage, we must confess to live up to ones enlightened convictions in these times. Unless you consent to join in the general cheat, you are hooted at and jostled out of reach. There is no room for you among the great mob of pretenders. If a man dare to live within his mean and is resolute there he really is, let him be applauded, there is something fresh in such an example. It deserves to be set down as one of the oddities and curiosities of the age. The few who devote themselves to such fine resolutions, can we fear, be counted upon the fingers. But still, they are the little leaven in the huge lump. The mass will yet be stirred by the truth and simplicity of their examples. When they shall succeed in restoring the old times again, then we may begin to talk about the reconstruction of society upon a new basis, and not much before.
TRYING THE LOT.
A tall long legged Hoosier, from Jasper county, Indiana, distinguished by a little head perched on a crane's neck—accoutred with a swallow-tailed coat, and pantaloons that refused to be coaxed down his ankles—boots clanking with brill, and had not over half an inch of tallow—stalked into the Richmond House last week to get what he called a "fancy dinner." Being shown to the ordinary, and asked by a servant what he would have—
"Wal, dogon it, I don't know," said he, casting his eye down the long and seemingly endless array of fried chickens, cotlettes, racouts, and other "chick-shaws" on the bill of fare, which confounded him with their variety, while he despaired of grappling with them all—what would you take, Squire, if you were in my place? I couldn't eat all them arfixens, you know—I couldn't, by thunder, if I never was to have another meal of vittles in a coon's age."
"Wouldn't you like some soup?" asked the waiter.
"Wal, Squire, you're bout right, I reckon. Bring on your soup, and then I'll pitch into your billed vittles. You tax all the same, they say, and it's hard choosin'—So I'll jest try one plate through the lot, I will of I bust!"
ETERNITY.—"Eternity has no gray hairs," the flowers fade, the heart withers, a man grows old and dies, the world lies down in the sepulchre of ages, but time writes no wrinkles on the brow of eternity.
Eternity! Stupendous thought!—The eternal, unborn, undecaying, and undying—the endless chain coming, passing the life of God—the universe.
Earth has its beauties, but time shrouds them for the grave; its honors, they are but the sunshine of an hour; its palaces are but as the gilded sepulchres; its possessions they are but bursting bubbles. Not so in the untiring bourne.
In the dwelling of the Almighty can come no footstep of decay. Its day will know no darkening—eternal splendor forbid the approach of night. Its fountains will never fail—they are fresh from the eternal throne. Its glory will never wane, for there is the ever-present God. Its harmonies will never cease; exhaustless love supplies the song.
Amelia, for thee—yes, at thy command, I'd pluck the stars from the firmament—I'd pluck the sun, that oriental god of day, who traverses the blue arch of heaven in such majestic splendor—I'd tear him from the sky and—
Don't Charles; it would be too hard, interrupted Amelia.
The most remarkable case on record is that of the Yankee Soap man who in a violent storm at sea, saved himself from death by taking a cake of his own soap and washing himself ashore!
"You saved my life on one occasion," said a leger to explain to a man whom he had served. "In what way?"
"Why, I served under you in battle, and when you ran away, I followed!"
Why is a young man hugging his sweetheart like an epicure who perogues his wine to lead him away?
Because he is wanting what he loves.
A footman, proud of his grammar, sneered into the drawing-room a Mr. Foote and his two little daughters, with this introduction:—"Mr. Foote and the two Misses Foote!"
A Western editor, in dunning his subscribers, says he has responsibility he must meet.
Punch says, "a secret warranted to keep in any climate, is a woman's age." Horrid Punch!
The Frigid Zone.—The waist ribbon that hugs an old maid.

ABNER L. BACKUS AND HIS DEFAKERS

It has always been a part of the tactics of the opposition when the Democracy puts in nomination for an important office, a faithful champion of its principles—a man true to its organization, its men and its measures—one who has served the public honestly and efficiently, without forgetting his obligations to the party that placed him in power—to resort to slander and falsehood to create a prejudice against him in the public mind. This is especially the case at this time with Mr. Backus, the Democratic nominee for Member of the Board of Public Works.
Mr. B. is a native of Ohio, was born in Columbus, has lived in the State his life, been in the public service sixteen years, and never, until nominated by a Democratic Convention, has the foul tongue of slander hissed aught against him. He served as Assistant Engineer during the entire construction of the Miami and Erie canal—had charge of its repairs, as Resident Engineer, five years, earned for himself a high reputation for competency, efficiency and sterling integrity. His political and personal friends can proudly point to his official record as being without a stain. No man has stood higher in the public estimation for the past twenty years, either as a public officer, or as a citizen, than Abner L. Backus. His great energy, eminent qualifications, scrupulous integrity and unflinching adherence to the Democratic cause have made him a favorite with the sterling Democracy of the Northwest; and, of course, that is enough to call forth the bitter malignant attacks made upon him by the Black Republican press. An unspotted life of a quarter of a century is no security against the character hyenas who do the dirty work of the opposition to the Democratic party. The fanatics who control the press of the opposition, delight in assailing the private character of every man purer than themselves. They have no principles to defend, and for the purpose of diverting public attention from their own speculations and frauds, to escape the indignation of the plundering tax payers of Ohio, they raise the cry that the Democratic candidates are a great set of scoundrels—bigger rascals than their officers.
Mr. Backus is charged with swindling the State. How is this established? Why he made a bid for some work at public letting and then sold the bid for one thousand dollars. It is true, they say, this was no violation of law; but was an act of moral turpitude. They are a precious set of fellows to talk about "moral turpitude." Such a delicate and refined appreciation of moral responsibility comes with peculiar grace from the scoundrels who are banded together under the name of Republicans, for the sole purpose of public plunder. Mr. Backus, made a bid for some work which he had an undoubted right to do, and sold the bid and no man can point to a letter of the law of Ohio, he violated in doing so. He did not bid as an Engineer. He simply bid as a A. L. Backus, a private citizen, and like every bidder at that, and every letting of public work, desired a contract if he could get a profitable one. Did he get any money out of the State? This is not pretended but it is alleged that he should have taken the contract, because in refusing to do so, he caused the State an additional expense. But few men could be found who would be willing to take public work of any kind at less than what it would cost to do it, merely to save the State the money. Mr. Backus, although an Engineer, had the same right to bid that any other citizen of Ohio had. Having made a bid he had a right to dispose of it. It was clearly his right to decide for himself whether he would take the contract or decline it. He simply exercised this right, and has never desired to conceal the fact. There is no law of Ohio precluding an Engineer from bidding. How then, has Mr. Backus wronged the State.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.